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rors around him, he hid himself, vowing, if he escaped the danger, to dedicate himself to a religious life. Within a few weeks the unhappy Savonarola, after suffering the torture, was publicly burned in the Grand Piazza of Florence; and Bartolomeo, struck with horror at the fate of his friend—a horror which seemed to paralyze all his faculties—took the vows and became a Dominican friar, leaving to his friend Albertinelli the task of completing those of his frescoes and pictures which were left unfinished.

He passed the next four years of his life without touching a pencil, in the austere seclusion of his convent. At the end of this period the entreaties and commands of his Superior induced Bartolomeo to resume the practice of his art, and from this time he is known as Fra Bartolomeo di San Marco, and by many writers he is styled simply Il Frate (*the Friar*); in Italy he is scarcely known by any other designation.

Timid by nature, and tormented by religious scruples, he at first returned to his easel with languor and reluctance; but an incident occurred which re-awakened all his genius and enthusiasm. Young Raphael, then in his twenty-first year, and already celebrated, arrived in Florence. He visited the Frate in his cell, and between these kindred spirits a friendship ensued which ended only with death, and to which we partly owe the finest works of both. Raphael, who was a perfect master of perspective, instructed his friend in the more complicated rules of the science, and Fra Bartolomeo in return initiated Raphael into some of his methods of coloring.

It was not, however, in the merely mechanical processes of art that these two great painters owed most to each other. It is evident, on examining his works, that Fra Bartolomeo's greatest improvement dates from his acquaintance with Raphael; that his pictures from this time display more energy of expression—a more intellectual grace; while Raphael initiated his friend in the softer blending of his colors, and learned from him the art of arranging draperies in an ampler and nobler style than he had hitherto practised; in fact, he had just at this time caught the sentiment and manner of Bartolomeo so completely, that the only great work he executed at Florence (the Madonna del Baldachino, in the Palazzo Pitti) might be at the first glance mistaken for a composition of the Frate. Richardson, an excellent writer and first-rate authority, observes that "at this time Fra Bartolomeo seems to have been the greater man, and might have been the Raphael, had not Fortune been determined in favor of the other." It is not, however, Fortune alone which determines these things; and of Raphael we might say, as Constance said of her son, that "at his birth Nature and Fortune joined to make him great." But this is digressing, and we must now return to the personal history of the Frate.

About the year 1513 Bartolomeo obtained leave of the Superior of his convent to visit Rome. He had heard so much of the grand works on which Raphael and Michael Angelo were employed by Leo X., that he could no longer repress the wish to behold and judge with his own eyes these wonderful productions. He was also engaged to paint in the church of St. Sylvester, on Monte Cavallo. But the air of Rome did not agree with him. He, indeed, renewed his friendship with Raphael, and they spent many hours and days in each other's society; but Raphael had by this time so far outrun him in every kind of excellence, and

what he saw around him in the Vatican and in the Sistine Chapel so far surpassed his previous conceptions, that admiration and astonishment seemed to swallow up the feeling of emulation. There was no envy in his gentle and pious mind; but he could not paint, he could not apply himself. A cloud fell upon his spirits, which was attributed partly to indisposition; and he returned to Florence, leaving at Rome only two unfinished pictures—figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, which Raphael undertook to finish for him, and, in the midst of his own great and multifarious works, found time to complete. It is said that while Raphael was painting on the head of St. Peter, two of his friends, who were cardinals, and not remarkable for the sanctity of their lives, stood conversing with him, and thought either to compliment him, or perhaps rouse him to contradiction, by criticizing the work of Bartolomeo. One of them observed that the coloring was much to red. To which Raphael replied, with that graceful gaiety which blunts the edge of a sarcasm, "May it please your Eminences, the holy apostle here represented is blushing in heaven, as he certainly would do were he now present, to behold the church he founded on earth governed by such as you!"

On returning to Florence, Fra Bartolomeo resumed his pencil, and showed that his journey to Rome had not been in vain. His finest works, the St. Mark, now in the Pitti Palace, and the famous Madonna di Misericordia at Lucca, were executed after his return. Every picture subsequently painted displayed increasing vigor; and he was still in the full possession of his powers when he was seized with a fever and dysentery, caused, it is said, by eating too many figs, and died in his convent, October 8, 1517; being then in his forty-eighth year.

The personal character of Fra Bartolomeo is impressed on all his works. He was deficient, as we have seen, in physical courage and energy; but in his disposition enthusiastic, devout, and affectionate. Tenderness and a soft regular beauty characterize his female heads; his saints have a mild and serious dignity. He is very seldom grand or sublime in conception, or energetic in movement and expression; the pervading sentiment in all his best pictures is *holiness*. He particularly excelled in the figures of boy-angels, which he introduced into most of his groups, sometimes playing on musical instruments, seated at the feet of the Virgin, or bearing a canopy over her head, but, however, employed, always full of infantine grace and candor. He is also famed for the rich architecture he introduced into his pictures, and for the grand and flowing style of his draperies. It was his opinion that every object should be painted, if possible, from nature; and, for the better study and arrangement of the drapery, he invented those wooden figures with joints (called lay-figures) which are now to be found in the studio of every painter, and which have been of incalculable service in art.

His pictures are not commonly met with. Lucca, Florence, and Vienna, possess the three finest.

The first of these, at Lucca, is, perhaps, the most important of all his works. It is called the Madonna della Misericordia, and represents the Virgin, a grand and beautiful figure, standing on a raised platform with outstretched arms, pleading for mercy for mankind; around her are groups of suppliants, who look up to her as *she* looks up to heaven, where, throned in judgment, is seen

her divine Son. Wilkie, in one of his letters from Italy (1827), dwells upon the beauty of this noble picture, and says that it combines the merits of Raphael, of Titian, of Rembrandt, and of Rubens! "Here," he says, "a monk in the retirement of his cloister, shut out from the taunts and criticism of the world, seems to have anticipated in his early time all that his art could arrive at in its most advanced maturity; and this he has been able to do without the usual blandishments of the more recent periods, and with all the higher qualities peculiar to the age in which he lived."

This is very high praise, particularly from such a man as Wilkie. The mere outline engraving in Rossini's "*Storia della Pittura*" will show the beauty of the composition; and the testimony of Wilkie with regard to the magical coloring is sufficient.

The St. Mark in the Pitti Palace is a single figure, seated, and holding his Gospel in his hand. It is so remarkable for its grandeur and simplicity as to have been frequently compared with the remains of Grecian art. For this picture a Grand Duke of Tuscany (Ferdinand II.) paid twelve hundred pounds, nearly two hundred years ago; which, according to the present value of money, would be equal to about three thousand pounds.

In the Imperial Gallery, at Vienna, is the Presentation in the Temple, a picture of wonderful dignity and beauty, and well known by the fine engravings which exist of it. The figures are rather less than life.

In the Louvre at Paris are two very fine pictures: a Madonna enthroned, with several figures, life-size, which was painted as an altar-piece for his own convent of St. Mark, and afterwards sent as a present to Francis I.; the other is an Annunciation.

In the Grosvenor Gallery there is a divine little picture, in which the Infant Christ is represented reclining on the lap of the Virgin, and holding the cross, which the young St. John, stretching forth his arms, appears anxious to take from him.

The Berlin Gallery contains only one of his pictures; the Dresden Gallery, not one. His works are best studied in his native city of Florence, to which they are chiefly confined.

Fra Bartolomeo had several scholars, none of whom were distinguished, except a nun of the monastery of St. Catherine, known as Suor Plautilla, who very successfully imitated his style, and has left some beautiful pictures.

THE DEAD OF FRANCE.

PARIS, November, 1866.

The French treat the dead with singular reverence. While in Italy you may piously kneel by the grave of nearly every one of her illustrious children from the remotest modern times; you may even honor the Scipios' tomb, and, if imagination be credulous, pay Virgil's ashes homage, although invasion's destructive waves have repeatedly surged over her; and civil wars have ensanguined every acre of her soil. In France there is scarcely a celebrated man who died before 1793 whose grave is to be found; or, if found, which contains the ashes of departed worth. Voltaire's and Rousseau's tombs are in the Pantheon, but it is asserted they are empty—they were desecrated during the fierce reaction of 1815-'20, and the bones they contained were, in religion's name, thrown into the Seine. A fragment of Cardinal de Richelieu's head is in some

provincial cabinet of curiosities. A jaw bone of Moliere's skull is exhibited in the Musée de Cluny.

Mazarin's tombstone—in fragments broken by the pick-axe—is in the Museum of modern Sculpture. I was sometime since in a Norman village whose church was before the conqueror's descent upon England. I asked a villager, whose name evidently was derived from the Norse sailors who conquered Normandy, whose ancestors, therefore, must have lived there from a very remote period of time, and he could remember his great-grandfather. Where are all your kindred buried? Where sleep all those who for centuries have tilled these fields and knelt at your altars? He pointed to the churchyard, and said: There. Five acres of ground surrounded the church. They didn't contain a monument. At the head of the graves were nothing but wooden crosses, painted black, with the sleeper's name and age and date of death traced thereon in white characters. The most ancient inscription was less than a quarter of a century old. I replied: Here? why these graves contain none but people you may remember. I dare say there is not a coffin rotting under this sod but you followed from its house to its long home; there is not a grave but you helped to fill. He answered: You speak truly. I sprinkled holy water on all those tombs; there is not a cross in the churchyard which I did not see planted. Said I: Where then be your forefathers' graves? He responded: There they are, but the soil has been turned over and over many and many a time since the first time 'twas full. That's the way we do. We bury side by side till the burying ground is chokefull; then we begin again at t'other end. It is about thirty or may be forty years, before the old graves are destroyed. What remains of us after we have been thirty years in the ground? Lor' bless your soul, sir, it is mighty little. Who remembers us after we have been dead and buried thirty years? Our contemporaries are by our side; so are our children. Our grand-children remember us only as cripples, or as bed-ridden, drivelling grey beards, and that so indistinctly we are rather objects of curiosity in memory, than objects of affection. And it is our eldest grand-children who remember us even in this dim way; they then are getting old and are so engrossed by cares, and so blunted by life's chafing, they never give a thought to them who went before them. I thought it horrible so little reverence for the dead should be felt in villages where the finer feelings of our nature, and especially for the past, linger longer than they do in cities, where life's tide ebb and flow convulsively.

The absence of ancient graves is one circumstance which makes rural France so unattractive. The venerable churches lack something of majesty from want of time-hallowed graves, which like moss or ivy, mantle them with that reverential dignity which touch the heart. They seem to lack that retinue of retainers which one expects to see surround ancient majesty. They seem to fail to make good their comfortable promises of peace the world cannot give when they are unable to point to graves where worshippers sleep, generation after generation, and have so slept for centuries. What heart is insensible to the lessons of grief, moderation and good will taught by

graveyards? An ancient graveyard—invisible eternity and on the strand of that illimitless ocean, the wildest heart throbs tamely.

In Paris, it is still worse. Seven years is the largest lease given poverty of that long home which we all reckon to possess till judgment-day; but to be elbowed and cuffed during life, and to be jowled by the sexton's spade after death are poverty's only charter. However, I speak not of fortune's step children. Would you know where her spoilt children are? Where lie those lucky accidents of luckier accidents who were buried in fine linen, and who thought to force out corruption by sheets of lead and heart of oak, bearing inscriptions which set forth low most puissant, most serene, most high, was the tenant of the coffin? They lie higgledy piggledy with courtezans, beggars, thieves; the bones which issued from loins illustrated by about thirty-two quarters of nobility with bones illustrated only by marks of genius and idiocy, virtue and knavery; your fine gentleman and your dirty slut, all together, cheek by jowl, in one undistinguishable mass. What assurance have we that Pere la Chaise and Mont Maitre and Mont Parnasse shall not one day share the fate which has befallen all the old cemeteries of Paris, which seemed hallowed by the shadow of churches or the walls of monasteries and convents.

Civilization is a sort of Juggernaut's car in travel, which crushes everything in its course, although it might easily turn aside and spare the victims. The monuments will be little obstacle. The ancient monuments of Parisian graveyards were marble and bronze. They have disappeared. The new monuments are built of such friable material that they would disappear in twenty years were they left to the seed-laden winds and the disintegrating rains and snows and frost. The land will be too valuable to remain idle. That quarter will grumble impatiently at the circuitous path it is obliged to take to reach this quarter. The graveyard's avenues will be streets. The funeral chapels will be houses. The mouldering bones beneath will be gathered in carts and shot down into the catacombs to be ranged into wicker masses than those in which the idle armourer ranges war's implements during peace's vacant hours.

Why should posterity be tenderer of the bones of the nineteenth century than ancestry were of the bones of preceding ages? Is not the railway engineer teaching his brutal lesson of the straight line, enforced by the jury to assess damages everywhere?

All the old dead of Paris lie in the catacombs. I saw an interesting map of them yesterday. They extend under a greater part of the city, and as the city advances they increase in extent, for they are nothing but old quarries, and an abandoned quarry becomes a catacomb. The catacombs of Paris are on the left bank of the Seine. The cemetery of Mont Parnasse lies over catacombs, consequently that neighborhood presents the singular spectacle of men at work beneath graves where priests and sextons are burying people. I say at work, for the catacomb's laborers are constantly engaged repairing cracks, diverting into proper channels the threads of water which percolate through the walls, strengthening weak places; in

fine, seeing that the constant traffic of the streets above does not impair the solidity of the walls on which so large a portion of Southern Paris rests for it is not the cemetery alone which lies on the catacombs. A considerable portion of the Boulevards, Mt. Parnasse, St. Jacques, d'Italie, de l'Hopital, d'Enter, St. Michel, and a great many streets lie on the catacombs. The Western railway runs for some distance over the catacombs, and the whole extensive station of the Western railway (*rive gauche*) is built on the catacombs; it cost a large amount of money to form proper foundations for this station. A considerable portion of the garden of the Luxembourg and the Garden of Plants, and all the Horse Market, and all the Abbatoir de Villejui, lie on the catacombs. The immense building known as Val de Grace (now a military hospital, before the revolution a convent; Louise de La Valliere lived and died there) are built on the catacombs; they are supported by piles. The whole territory south of the Seine, as far as Chantillon heights and Gentilly, is excavated. Chantillon, Issy, Vauves, Vaugrard, are all built on quarries. They are abandoned and closed, but they are not called catacombs; they will not receive this name until the bones of the urban cemeteries be thrown into them. There are extensive quarries on the right bank of the river. The new Place du Roi de Rome (opposite the Champs de Mars) and the whole quarter of Western Paris, called Chaillot, lie on abandoned quarries. The territory north of the Seine, and beyond the present limits of Paris, is likewise excavated, or in course of excavation. Quarries have a singular destiny here. When they are first opened men live and oftentimes grow rich by them. When they are abandoned beggars and thieves hide in them from the eyes of the police and the season's inclemency. When population above ground oust thieves and beggars from their subterranean lair the bones of rich and poor are hustled into them—the quarry becomes a catacomb.

GAMMA.

ANECDOTES OF PAGANINI.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A DUBLIN MANAGER.

Paganini was in all respects a very singular being, and an interesting subject to study. His talents were by no means confined to his wonderful power as a musician. On other subjects he was well informed, acute, and conversable, of bland and gentle manners, and in society perfectly well bred. All this contrasted strangely, with the dark, mysterious stories which were bruited abroad, touching some passages in his early life. But outward semblance and external deportment are treacherous as quicksands, when taken as guides by which to sound the real depths of human character. Lord Byron remarks, that his pocket was once picked by the civilist gentleman he ever conversed with, and that by far the mildest individual of his acquaintance was the remorseless Ali Pacha of Yanina. The expressive lineaments of Paganini told a powerful tale of passions which had been fearfully excited, which might be roused again from temporary slumber, or were exhausted by indulgence and premature decay, leaving deep furrows to mark their intensity. Like the generality of his countrymen, he